

# THE LONDON SATURDAY JOURNAL.

CONDUCTED BY JAMES GRANT, AUTHOR OF "RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS," "THE GREAT METROPOLIS," &c. AND FRANCIS ROSS, FORMERLY SOLE EDITOR OF THE JOURNAL.

No. 17. NEW SERIES.]

SATURDAY, APRIL 24, 1841.

[PRICE TWOPENCE.]

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## LONDON DRAYMEN.



J. RIDER, PRINTER,  
VOL. I.

[BARTHOLOMEW CLOSE.  
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## ILLUSTRATIONS OF HUMANITY.

## No. XVII.—LONDON DRAYMEN.

WE could almost take an affidavit that the "Man" seated in our picture is a likeness of some notable drayman in the employment of Barclay, Perkins, & Co. He is a genuine type of a Brewer's Drayman; and so jollily jolly does he look, that we positively cannot consider him as belonging to any place but the hugest brewery in the world, the chief of those establishments which have made London the head quarters of malt liquor, as well as civilization.

Every visitor of London remarks on the amount of "London pride" in our London horses, more especially the magnificent dray horses of our London brewers; and every one, while he admits that London Draymen generally are brawny fellows, does not hesitate to admit that Brewers' Draymen are modelled after their own hogsheads. Country signs sometimes tell us where we may find "entertainment for man and horse"—but to entertain many such men and horses as those, a specimen of whom we give in our engraving, is a matter not lightly or rashly to be adventured upon.

Some time ago, we went over the great establishment of Barclay, Perkins, and Co.; and certainly, while we saw much to wonder at, and much to admire, we reserved some of our admiration for the draymen and their horses. At that time there were one hundred and sixty-two glorious, proud, fat, sleek horses on the establishment, whose vocation it was to drag drays loaded with hogsheads of malt liquor to all parts of London. Every thing connected with this most wonderful brewery is "stupendous"—stupendous buildings, stupendous vats, stupendous binns, stupendous stores, stupendous horses, and stupendous Draymen. Certainly, he who wishes to have a practical demonstration of the amplifying power of porter should not fail to visit the establishment of Barclay, Perkins, and Co.

In our picture we have two types of two well-defined London classes. The coal-drayman, whom the artist has placed "on his legs," is a favourable specimen of his class—clean-built and muscular, he looks a lad who would not bend under the weight of the stoutest sack of coals that was ever laid in a waggon. But for all that, he looks like a man who has to pay for his porter, and therefore not disinclined to accept of a draught "free, gratis, for nothing." But our Boniface of the brewer's dray seems quite at home; he lives on porter, works on porter, walks on porter, sleeps on porter, and, in our picture, sits on porter; while the foaming pewter pot, the badge of his tribe, he grasps in his hand. Happy soul! like a full-blown rose, he blooms awhile; whistles as he drives his hogsheads to the "licensed victuallers;" sweats as he lowers his casks into the cellar; smiles as he drains his quart, and rests himself; and thus jogs he on from day to day, until at last, too fat to waddle, or too weak to work, he turns himself over on his side, and disappears like the contents of a foaming tankard!

## POETICAL CONTRIBUTIONS.—No. II.

OUR opening contribution is intended to illustrate the airs, the affectation, and the conceit of young misses immediately on their quitting the boarding school. Their dissatisfaction with every body and every thing but themselves, is hit off with great effect. The lines are headed

## MATILDA CLOVER'S SOLILOQUY

## ON RETURNING FROM MRS. TALENT'S SEMINARY.

THAT odious fat-faced woman, how  
She jars me with her mirth!  
That coxcomb, with his barn-door brow!  
That prosing man of worth!  
That flock of Misses Paroquets—  
I vow I'd rather die  
Than herd thus with the common herd—  
All soul and nerve am I.

Mamma, good soul, by way of treat,  
(Alas! no soul has she!)  
Invites those Goths her girl to meet,  
And calls it a *encyree*.  
O converse of high-gifted minds,  
For which alone I sigh!  
How can such creatures comprehend  
All soul and nerve am I?

The flirtings of the neighbouring town,  
The markets and the dress,  
Whose bonnet cost but half a crown,  
And who made hers for less?  
Who treats with gooseberry champagne,  
And who loves currant pie—  
Is this the converse I must share?  
I vow I'd rather die.

Just fancy me, with nerves so fine  
A zephyr gives me pain,  
Expected to get up at nine,  
And walk through wind and rain.  
Desired to count the dairy pails,  
And tend the hiving bees!—  
All stings, enough to turn one's brain,  
Hive here, my life to tease!

My poor old father, what a fright  
The worthy man is grown!  
Though oft he calls me his delight,  
He is not mine, I own;  
I fain would love and reverence him—  
Alas, it cannot be—  
He calls the poet, Mr. Fop,  
And Ossian, Matty's sea!

The children (why were children made?  
I wish they'd all one neck!)  
From morn till night my peace invade,  
And hold me at their beck;  
Where'er I fly to court the muse,  
Their clamouring wants pursue,  
The hand prepared to string the lyre,  
Must first string Johnny's shoe.

Music, "love's food," I try in vain  
Beside the noisy fry;  
They, when I raise the plaintive strain,  
For bread and butter cry;  
They spill my ink, my paper steal,  
My fancy's favourite flight,  
The sweetest sonnet ever penn'd  
Went up to fly a kite!

But these are trifles—'tis the want  
Of friendship's balm I mourn;  
For one congenial mind I pant,  
For one, with full return

To value mine, and comprehend  
The world that forms my bliss—  
Where shall I find that gifted friend  
In such a world as this?

R.

There is, we repeat, a great deal of truth, with here and there a little caricature, in the above. Our modern boarding schools are most prolific of the Matilda Clover class of young misses.

As we are just on the threshold of the season of flowers, we must next present our readers with lines

## TO A PRIMROSE.

O FAIR young flower! thou art springing forth  
To the chilly breath of the angry north;  
And thy blossoms open their gentle eye  
Beneath the scowl of a wintry sky.  
And leafless bowers, o'er thy tender form,  
Protect thee not from the passing storm;  
And the bee comes not forth from its winter cell  
To quaff the dew from thy golden bell.  
Too soon—too soon thou hast opened up  
The nectar stores of thy treasure cup;  
There are none to welcome thine early bloom,  
Or breathe the breath of thy rich perfume.  
The hoar-frost lies on the ground, like gems,  
The birds are mute on the naked stems,  
And thy pale and starlike blossoms gleam  
On the silent banks of a frozen stream.  
But soon a change on the earth shall be,  
And leaf and blossom shall clothe the tree,  
And the wild bird merrily blend its song  
With the streamlet's voice as it floats along.  
And thou art sent with thy sunny smile  
To cheer this desolate scene awhile!  
And waft our visions and thought away  
To the glorious light of a summer day!

Both the sentiments and the penmanship lead us to the inference that the anonymous correspondent who furnishes the above, is a young lady.

Our third, and for the present, last "contribution," is from the pen of a distinguished lady writer. It is of the ballad class, and is instinct with beautiful and tender feeling. We fear, however, that our English readers may not be able to appreciate its beauties fully, owing to its being written in the Scottish dialect. With our readers on the other side of the Tweed it cannot fail to be a great favourite.

## MARY DAVIDSON.

My harmless aye, my lovely aye  
That's lying there, sae low!  
Oh! I, that did ye cruel wrang,  
And wrought ye bitter woe,  
And sees ye lying deid, deid, deid!  
Hae mickle mair to dree  
Before the sod be on my heid,  
Than a' your dole frae me.  
O did I think when first we met,  
It ever wad be mine  
To bring unto a winding sheet  
That bonnie bloom o' thine!  
My heid is dizzy wi' the thoct  
O, what thou wert and art—  
That first time that I saw thee,  
And now—that broken heart!  
Thou'lt lie beneath the snaw the night,  
Near that same frozen tide—  
But twa years aye, a bly the schole bairn!  
Thou wert fleeing on the sclide,

Thy glinting at the stranger lad,  
Sae sune to be thy bane!  
That kepp'd thee in his arms and leuch—  
And 'ill never smile again!

Waes me, waes me, the cheek is pale,  
That was sae ruddy then!—  
O am I but the wretchedest,  
Or the sinfu'est o' men?  
The tod is not mair wily,  
Nor the savagest sae vile,  
As him that woos the trusting maid  
Wi' forethocht aim o' guile!

But O that was na me, my Mary!  
Though sair I hae to rue:—  
But they barr'd the door again' me,  
And pride forbad to sue.  
But had I kent what now I ken,  
They sud hae had my life,  
Or my poor baby had been born  
But to a wedded wife.

O cruel, cruel parents,  
That drave us far apart!  
And the first sough o' her baby,  
Was the last o' her young heart;  
The first sough o' my sorrow  
Was, bud and blossom gane—  
They've open'd to me now, my Mary!  
But I'll never smile again.

It's weel that she's gane wi' ye!  
For there's truth ayont the tomb,  
She'll plead for ye, but not for me,  
That drees a sairer doom.  
She may haud up wee sinless han's,  
And say the like war thine;  
An' a heart that kent as little ill,  
Before they link'd wi' mine.

The snaw was never purer  
Than my bonny guileless Mary!  
But the ice-scide's far securer  
Than young love's treacherous way.  
Oh, I'd gae a bare-foot pilgrim,  
Till life's last bluid was set,  
To part wi' her as I saw her  
On the day we twa first met!

B.

There is something singularly truthful, as well as poetical, in this ballad, and we doubt not it will find a ready response in many of our female readers' breasts.

We shall resume our specimens of poetical contributions in two or three weeks hence.

## ENGLISH SEATS AND SCENERY.

## No. II.—CASTLE HOWARD.

THE superb mansion of Castle Howard, the seat of the Earl of Carlisle, stands in a finely wooded park, about six miles west of Malton, in Yorkshire. It is built upon a beautiful eminence, in view of the York road, and is undoubtedly one of the noblest mansions in England. The approach is through an ancient arched gateway, lined and flanked with towers; and nearly opposite to the grand entrance is an elegant monument erected to the memory of Lord Nelson.

The exterior of the edifice, as a whole, is grand and imposing in no ordinary degree, though it is not free from the charge of want of unity in its parts. The design for the buildings was by Sir John Vanburgh, the eminent architect of Blenheim, but one of the wings was built much more recently by Sir James Robinson, and to him

is owing the alleged incongruity. This, which is the west wing, seems to have been added by Sir James, without much regard either to the extent or character of the main building. Notwithstanding this defect, however, the whole pile, with its rich cupolas, its roofs, and massy clustered chimneys, produces an effect at once picturesque and grand.

The site of the present mansion was formerly occupied by the old castle of Henderskelf, (a fortress of some note in the border wars,) which was destroyed by an accidental fire.

Castle Howard, its successor, was erected by Charles, third earl of Carlisle, as he has himself informed us in some verses, amiable in sentiment, but not remarkable for spirit or elegance.

The north front of the castle consists of a rich centre of the Corinthian order, with a cupola rising from the roof, and two extensive wings, the east from the original design, the west after Sir James Robinson. The south or garden front is also very magnificent, the centre consisting of a pediment and entablature supported by fluted Corinthian pilasters. It is approached by a fine flight of steps, which with the range of pilasters along the whole façade, is strikingly grand. At the extremity of the east wing is the kitchen, with a square tower at each angle. Before the south façade, extending above five hundred yards in front, is a noble turf terrace in beautiful order, adorned with many fine statues, amongst the most admired of which are some satyrs and dancing fauns. Near the south entrance of the castle, is also an elegant design after the antique of a Grecian dryad or nymph of the woods. The statue is beautifully modelled, and is placed on a raised Corinthian pedestal. The lawn terminates in an Ionic temple, the interior of which is finely decorated with columns and pilasters of black and yellow marble. In niches over the doors, are busts of Vespasian, Faustina, Trajan, &c. The floor is disposed in compartments of various-coloured marble, and the whole crowned with a rich and gilded dome.

The general view of this extensive park is highly beautiful, adorned as it is by a fine sheet of water, and interspersed with a rich variety of wooded groups and clumping, affording an endless succession of the sweetest English landscape scenery. It is remarkably rich in archways and obelisks scattered among the grounds. The park is stocked by a herd of deer roaming across its broad lawns, and the lake stretching out in picturesque and winding bays, abounds with waterfowl and trout. It is delightful in a summer evening to wander away among these green woods, on the margin of the lake, or by the side of some rustling streamlet, while nothing is heard but its brawling waters, the cawing of the rooks, or the distant tinkling of the sheep's bell. The waterfowl are diving in the lake, or sporting along its surface, streaking it with bright tracts of foam. The setting sun is tinging its waters and the surrounding wooded scenery with a roseate hue. The deer are stealing quietly along the openings of the park, or browsing in the shade of the trees; while far in the waning sunlight, the smoke gently rises from some sequestered cottage or hamlet nestled on the outskirts of the park. No less pleasing is a stroll along some of the green lanes or solitary footpaths teeming with wild flowers, in which England is so rich. What can be more sweetly retired than one of these green lanes shaded by the hawthorn hedge, and blooming with the fox-glove, the wild rose, the white starlike campion, the purple hyacinth, and a hundred others, while here and there is an aged oak with its moss-grown trunk and ivy-covered branches, and a footpath or stile opening on either side from which there are occasional glimpses of the old abbey,

or the village church among the trees, in the valley beneath, with the distant hum of children at play rising on the ear.

In the centre of four avenues of stately trees in the park at Castle Howard, stands an obelisk 100 feet in height, bearing on one side inscriptions in Latin and English to commemorate the valour and successes of the duke of Marlborough; on the other the verses we have already alluded to, recording that the plantations around and the noble mansion owe their existence to the third earl. There is also a prose inscription.

The interior of this princely mansion does not belie the exterior. It abounds with works of art, containing a noble collection of antique busts, statues, paintings, marbles and urns, which affording as they do a high gratification to admirers of the fine arts, are shown to visitors with a liberality which entitles the present noble proprietor to the praise and gratitude of the public.

The state apartments are distinguished for their grandeur of appearance, the ceilings being remarkable for their lofty proportions.

The hall, which we first notice, is 35 feet square, and 60 in height, adorned with columns of the Corinthian and Composite orders, and rising into a spacious dome 100 feet from the floor.

It is exceedingly handsome and noble. The walls are painted by Pelligrini with the story of Phæton, &c.; the recesses are occupied by antique statues of Augustus, Marcus Aurelius, Julia Mammen, Bacchus and Ceres; and on pedestals are busts of Paris, a Bacchanal, Adrian, Lucius Verus, Vitellius, and Marcus Antoninus.

The saloon is also a noble room, the ceiling painted with a representation of Aurora, and the room crowded with statues, busts, and pictures. Among the former are Jupiter Serapis, Pallas, Cupid, Commodus, Domitian, Enobarbus, Didius Julianus, Marcus Aurelius, Antoninus Pius, Marcellus, and others.

The dining room, 27 feet by 23, is elegantly furnished with paintings, busts, and slabs. The chimney piece is unusually superb.—The entablature is supported by fluted columns of Sienna marble, and adorned with groups of polished white, and upon it are three bronzes, Brutus, Cassius, and Laocöon. This room also contains two slabs of Sicilian jasper, and a valuable vase of the finest green porphyry, with two busts, one of Marcus Aurelius, the other of a Bacchanal. The saloon up stairs is 33 feet by 26, painted by Pelligrini. On the ceiling are Venus and Minerva, and on the walls a representation of the principal incidents in the Trojan war, viz., the abduction of Helen, the sacrifice of Iphigenia, Achilles in disguise with the daughters of Lycomedes, king of Scyros, Ajax and Ulysses contending for the armour of Achilles, the conflagration of Troy, and Æneas bearing Anchises on his shoulders from the flames.

The antique gallery, measuring 160 feet by 20, among many other curiosities, contains various rare and beautiful slabs, two tables of Egyptian granite, and a small antique statue found in Severus' wall. The drawing room, 27 feet by 23, is adorned with rich tapestry from the designs of Rubens, with two very curious slabs of flowered alabaster, two pedestals of green porphyry, on one of which is a sylvan deity. There are also many bronzes, and a bust esteemed the finest ever brought to England. It was found at Rome, and purchased by the present earl of Carlisle, when on his travels.

The state or gold bed chamber, 21 feet by 24, is hung with Brussels tapestry, after the designs of Teniers. Upon the chimney piece, composed of white and Sienna marble, is a bust of Jupiter Serapis, over it the Doge of Venice in the Bucentaur espousing the sea, by Canaletti.



In the museum, among hundreds of curiosities, we may mention several slabs of the most curious antique marble, some urns containing the ashes of ancient heroes, two pieces of mosaic work, an ancient mask, a basso relievo of Victory, the attitude and drapery of which are excellent, two groups, one a Cupid upon a goat, the other a satyr, and also several busts and pictures.

In one corner of the museum is a small cylindrical altar, about four feet and a half high, which is supposed to have stood in the temple of Apollo at Delphi. It adds still further to the interest of this relic, that it was brought from the Mediterranean by Lord Nelson, and presented to the Earl of Carlisle.

Upon it is an interesting inscription in verse, which concludes as follows:—

"A British chief as famed in arms as those,  
Has borne this relic o'er the Italian waves,  
In war, still friend to science, this bestows,  
And Nelson gives it to the land he saves."

We shall now allude to a few of the fine paintings with which the walls of Castle Howard are decorated, but without taking them according to the rooms in which they are hung, or in any particular order.

Among these are works by almost every great master, ancient and modern. We may mention Titian, Rubens, Guido, Claude Lorraine, the Caracci, Salvator Rosa, Holbein, Vandyke, Velasquez, Sir Peter Lely, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Sir Thomas Lawrence, &c. &c. The great masterpiece here is "The Three Maries," by Annibal Caracci. It represents the lifeless body of Christ, behind whom his mother has sunk fainting. The elder Mary hastens to her with a gesture of lamentation, while Mary Magdalene throws herself despairingly on the body. Every limb in Christ appears truly dead; the vital spirit has fled, and left his form cold and motionless. On the contrary, all is life and motion in the beautiful Magdalen. All is the vigour and fullness of life, and intensity of feeling, but which speaks only a sense of fixed despair, and an agonising and concentrated woe. So striking and lifelike is her form, that it takes the eye at once, and will not soon fade from the memory. It is said that the court of Spain offered to cover this masterpiece with louis d'ors as its purchase money, and which have been estimated to amount to above £8000 sterling. Opposite to this is Annibal's portrait by himself, which may well be contrasted with the "Three Maries," so calm and subdued is the expression.

The "Entombing of Christ," by Ludovico Caracci, is a painting of extraordinary pathos and sublimity. So is the well-known "St. John" by Domenichino, said to be an original. The "Finding of Moses" by Velasquez is a striking picture, and a fine specimen of the Spanish school. Near this, hangs a copy of the Madonna at Blenheim, by Carlo Dolci. It is not equal to Dolci's original, but is still a very sweet picture. Here is a soft drooping of the eyelids, while a tear rests on her lovely cheek.

"Sunrise in the bay of Naples."—This is a view from the island of Capri, on the roof of Tiberius's palace. The brilliancy of the colouring and transparency of the sea and atmosphere are admirable. The sun has just risen, and his first rays are tipping with gold the gentle swell of this enchanting bay, as it rolls inwards upon Capri. Some Neapolitan fishing boats with their purple sails seem to hover in the distance. The white surf breaks on the rocky islet, while landwards the woody groves of Lorrento, and the bright sky and blue hills of Campania, are lighted up with the fresh rosy tinge of an Italian morning. How beautifully does Rogers describe a similar scene viewed from the neighbouring coast of Campania!

"Not a grove, citron or pine or cedar, not a grot,  
Sea-worn, and mantled with the gadding vine,  
But breathes enchantment; not a cliff but flings  
On the clear wave some image of delight,  
Some cabin roof glowing with crimson flowers,  
Some ruined temple, or fallen monument."

Next may be mentioned an Italian landscape and waterfall, probably "Terni," by Claude Lorraine.

"The roar of waters! from the headlong height  
Celina cleaves the wave-worn precipice;  
The fall of waters! rapid as the light  
The flashing mass foams, shaking the abyss."

Among the portraits is a characteristic one of Henry VIII. by Holbein, wearing the blunt homely features with which he is usually represented.

There is here a fine portrait of Henry IV. of France in light armour. His white plume shading his pale but handsome face, used to be seen in the front of battle, as when he led the chivalry of France at Moncontour and Ivry. His address to his soldiers at Ivry was worthy of Henry of Navarre, the hero of the snow-white plume.

"And if my standard-bearer fall, as fall full well he may,  
For never saw I promise yet of such a bloody fray;  
Press where you see my white plume wave, amidst the ranks  
of war,  
And be your oriflamme to-day, the helmet of Navarre."

But one of the most interesting portraits at Castle Howard, is that of the Honourable Frederick Howard, lord Carlisle's youngest son, who fell so gloriously, in a charge of the 10th Hussars, at Waterloo.

He was related to lord Byron, and his name has been immortalised by the poet, in one of his noblest verses.—

"Their praise is hymned by loftier harps than mine,  
Yet one I would select from that proud throng,  
Partly because they blend me with his line,  
And partly that I did his sire some wrong;  
And partly that bright names will hallow song;  
And his was of the bravest; and when showered  
The death-bolts deadliest the thinned files along,  
Ev'n where the thickest of war's tempests lowered,  
They reached no nobler breast than thine, young gallant  
Howard."

The spot where Major Howard fell, near two tall and solitary trees, is still pointed out on the field of Waterloo.

Lord Byron the poet's grand uncle, and whom he succeeded, is an interesting picture, were it only for the name. His well-known and unfortunate duel with his friend and neighbour Mr. Chaworth of Annesley, which took place in the Star and Garter Hotel, Pall Mall, has been often related. The quarrel between them originated in a dispute about the quantity of game on their estates, when in company with Sir Charles Sedley, Mr. Willoughby, Colonel Mellish, Sir Robert Burdett, and other Nottinghamshire gentlemen at a monthly club held at that hotel. After some words had passed between them, the subject was dropped, but when leaving the house, Mr. Chaworth was enticed into a room by lord Byron, who locked the door, and drawing his sword, rushed upon the former, calling on him to defend himself. They accordingly fought by the dim light of a candle, and Mr. Chaworth, though the better swordsman, was run through the body, and died in a few hours. Lord Byron (a man of a most hasty and vindictive temper) was tried for the murder in Westminster Hall, before the House of Peers in 1765, and though acquitted of murder, was held guilty in the eyes of the public generally. He afterwards retired to his seat of Newstead Abbey, and led a life of the most solitary seclusion, shunned by his friends and neighbours. He always carried fire-arms about his person, and

on one occasion, when his neighbour the late Sir John Warren was admitted to dine with him, a case of pistols was placed on the table, as if forming a customary part of the dinner service. Many exaggerated reports were circulated in the neighbourhood about his lordship. One story is that he shot his coachman for a slight disobedience of orders, threw his body into the carriage beside lady Byron, and mounting the box, officiated as coachman himself. Another story, that on the night in which his lordship died, a colony of crickets (with which in his loneliness he used to amuse himself) all left Newstead in a body, and were seen crossing the corridors and courtyard of the Abbey in all directions.

It may be added that his lordship's unfortunate duel with Mr. Chaworth, had a remote though undoubted effect on the fate and fortunes of his illustrious grand nephew the poet.

A portrait of George Villiers, second duke of Buckingham, in his court dress.

"A man so various, that he seemed to be  
Not one, but all mankind's epitome;  
Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong,  
Was everything by starts, and nothing long;  
But in the course of one revolving moon,  
Was chemist, fiddler, statesman, and buffoon:  
Then all for preaching, painting, rhyming, drinking,  
Besides ten thousand freaks that died in thinking;  
In squandering wealth was his peculiar art,  
Nothing went unrewarded, but desert;  
Beggared by fools, whom still he found too late,  
He had his jest, and they had his estate."—DRYDEN.

The duke of Buckingham was one of the most profligate noblemen of the profligate court of Charles II. He first seduced the wife of Francis Talbot, earl of Shrewsbury, and then killed the earl in a duel. There is little doubt, also, that he was the instigator of the infamous Colonel Blood\* to his brutal outrage against the duke of Ormond, whom he attempted with the assistance of other ruffians, to carry to Tyburn and hang on the common gallows. Buckingham was one of the famous cabal ministry of Charles II. viz. Clifford, Ashley, Buckingham, Arlington, and Lauderdale.

There is hardly any person, however, without some redeeming quality; so this nobleman, profligate as he was, was hardly equalled as a wit and a man of refined literary taste, by any of his contemporaries in that witty age. Of satirical quickness, his celebrated play upon Dryden's bombast, is a remarkable instance. Being at the first representation of one of the poet's tragedies, wherein a lover is made to say to his mistress,

"My wound is great, because it is so small,"

Buckingham cried out—

"Then 'twould be greater, were it none at all."

The piece was instantly damned.

After wasting his noble estate in all sorts of mad freaks and debauchery, and plotting against the government oftener than once, this profligate nobleman finally ended his days in 1688, at Kirkby Moorside, an obscure and remote inn in Yorkshire, in want, it is said, even of the common necessities of life.†

\* "Blood, that wears treason in his face,  
Villain complete in parson's gown,  
How much he is at court in grace  
For stealing Ormond and the crown;  
Since loyalty does no man good,  
Let's steal the king, and outdo Blood!"

ROCHESTER'S HISTORY OF INSIPIDS.

† Pope has described his death-bed in some well-known and affecting verses.

The duke had married in 1657, Mary, only daughter and heiress of Thomas Lord Fairfax, the parliamentary general, by whom he acquired a princely fortune.

The "Doge of Venice marrying the sea," by Canaletti  
It recalls Rogers' beautiful lines—

"It was St. Mary's eve, and all poured forth  
For some great festival; the fisher came  
From his green islet, bringing o'er the waves  
His wife and little one; the husbandman  
From the firm land, with many a friar and nun,  
And village maiden, her first flight from home,  
Crowding the common ferry."—ROGERS.

A portrait of Lady Frances Stewart, afterwards duchess of Richmond. She was a daughter of Walter Stewart, son of lord Blantyre, and was one of the beauties of the court of Charles II., or "La belle Stewart," as she is called by De Grammont. Her curious elopement with the old duke of Richmond,\* has been often alluded to. "One cold night in the month of March, 1667," says Mrs. Jameson in her "Beauties of the Court of Charles II.," "Miss Stewart found means to steal from her lodgings in Whitehall, and joining the duke of Richmond at a tavern in Westminster, where he had horses waiting, she eloped with him into Surrey, and they were privately married next morning by the duke's chaplain." The earl of Clarendon fell under the king's displeasure as being connected with this matter, and was soon after deprived of his seals and office as prime minister.

Lords and ladies of the court of Charles II. are here in abundance, but none of them very remarkable. Not so is a finely executed portrait of Nell Gwynne as an orange girl, in which capacity when attending the theatres, she first attracted the notice of Rochester and Charles II. She is very handsome, or as old Pepys describes her, "a most pretty woman." "No sooner had she appeared with her oranges and play bills, than the eyes of the young wits and men of fashion who frequented the tavern and the theatres, were fixed upon her, anxious to know the story and birth of the handsome orange girl."

It is well known that Chelsea hospital owes its origin to her influence with Charles II.; and almost the last words that Charles uttered were, "Don't let poor Nelly starve!" She was mother by the king of Charles first duke of St. Albans; and her grandson, lord Sidney Beauclerk, was the father of that Topham Beauclerk who was the friend of Dr. Johnson, and one of the worthies of Boswell. The present duke of St. Albans is descended from another grandson, Lord Vere Beauclerk, and is the fifth in descent from Nell Gwynne.

In returning through the park of Castle Howard, a splendid mausoleum, about half a mile from the house, may be visited; there repose the ashes of the third earl, and others of the noble family of Howard. It is very handsome, surmounted by a dome, and decorated with bronze and marble ornaments.

In concluding this sketch, we may mention that the fine romantic seat of Naworth Castle in Cumberland, is another residence of Lord Carlisle, and is often visited by his lordship.

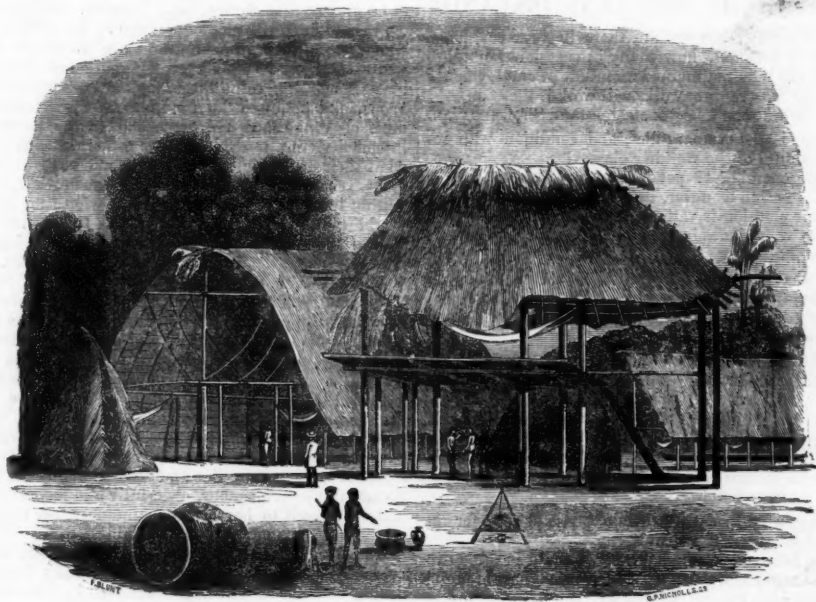
\* Charles Stuart, sixth duke of Richmond and Lennox, and the last of his family who bore the title, which after his death was conferred by Charles the Second on his son by the duchess of Portsmouth.

A poor spirit is poorer than a poor purse; a very few pounds a year would ease a man of the scandal of avarice. History tells us of illustrious villains; but there never was an illustrious miser in nature.

## BRITISH COLONIES IN SOUTH AMERICA.

MESSRS. ACKERMANN have lately published a work by Mr. Schomburgk, on the interior of British Guiana. The work, which is one of great geographical and scientific

value, is embellished with a number of pictorial illustrations, which greatly increase its interest. The annexed engraving represents the huts in which the Warrau and Carib tribes usually dwell.



These huts are a sort of sheds, the roofs having no other covering than palm-leaves.

The Portuguese, soon after their first location in Guiana, having been often annoyed by the incursions of the Spanish and the Dutch, erected forts in various places for their own protection. We subjoin a representation of one of these.



This fort is constructed of red sand stone, and mounts eight nine-pounders. A commandant, with ten or twelve privates, generally constitutes the garrison.

### COMMISSION OF INQUIRY IN IRELAND.\*

Q.—How many labourers are there in your parish?—how many in constant, how many in occasional employment? how are they maintained when out of employment?

A.—Those *who* can get work, will work if they can, Those who can't, beg or steal,—that, Sir, is the plan.

Q.—What is the ordinary diet, and condition with respect to clothing, of the working classes?

A.—The general diet? potatoes and *point*, Not so often as never, they taste of a joint; Their clothing is various, as every fool knows, They've no holes in their stockings, for they haven't no hose.

Q.—At what periods of the year are they least employed?

A.—What troublesome questions! If ever I knew Such dulness! Why, sure, when they least have to do.

Q.—What upon the whole might an average labourer, obtaining an average amount of employment, earn in the year?

A.—Do you think with such questions my mind I'd perplex, As the differ between a too little and less? For an *average man*, (was there ever such stuff?) An average nothing I s'pose is enough.

Q.—What would be the yearly expense of food for an able-bodied labourer in full work?

A.—“In full work? able-bodied?” I could not find two To answer you that, Sir, search Banagher through! Feed and try one a quarter, you'll judge pretty near,

What bodies, when able, can do in a year; And what they can *ate*, I should like just to test, To take *me*, and I'll do to content you my best.

Q.—Of what class of persons generally are the occupiers of cottages and cabins?

A.—Some taller, some shorter, some black, brown or fair, Some squint-eyed, some crook-nosed, some wise, and some *quare*.

Q.—What is the usual rent of cabins without land?

A.—From one to two pounds they will *promise* to pay, But the landlord is glad, after two years, to say, I'll give up the *rent*, if you'll give up the *kay*, Then he gets a new tenant, who acts the same way.

Q.—Of what description of buildings are those cabins, and how furnished? Are they supplied with bedsteads, and comfortable bedding?

A.—A cabin consists of the walls, roof, and floor, With sometimes a window, and mostly a door; They don't want for curtains, who low land can boast, For they've plenty of *smoke*, and they're used to that most;

Their beds are of straw, and instead of a rug, A slip of a pig keeps their feet warm and snug.

Q.—Upon what terms are herds usually hired in your parish?

A.—No flocks in the field, and no beeves in the stall, I can't tell you that, for we've no *herds* at all.

\* We are indebted to a correspondent for this humorous contribution.

### AN INDIAN SUTTEE.

HAVING, while one day on a journey through the interior of India, perceived at a considerable distance before me an immense concourse of people, I soon ascertained that the crowd had assembled to witness a Sutte. Anxious to be present at a Sutte, and deeming this opportunity too rare to be lost, I rode on, guided by the train of natives who incessantly crowded to the place to witness this self-willed sacrifice. I found several gentlemen there before me. Soon after came the Mahalkarree—attended by his peons, and followed by a number of respectable inhabitants of Vingorla. He proceeded to the house of the intended victim, to explain there to her, and her relatives, what their own religious laws were, and our Government's orders relative to this sacrifice. I waited awhile, and then getting impatient, went to inquire at what time the Sutte would take place. “Probably about two hours hence.” “Then, when all is ready, send, and let me know.” I returned home, the distance was scarce two miles.

About two, P. M., I received the expected summons. They had cut down the timber, but had not even begun to erect the pile. The victim was seated in the midst of a dense crowd of both sexes, and all ages—consisting of thousands—under the shade of a wide-spreading banyan tree. The native authorities opened a path for me, and I passed through this mass of people, and came up close to her. Dense as the crowd was, there was no crowding upon her, but the small open circle was kept clear by the respect paid to her. One by one advanced to receive from her hands a little rice and cocoa-nut, and her blessing. Steady in her demeanour, cheerfully and fervently did she address herself to her old acquaintances, her friends and relations—and none went away unblesed.

She, for one victim of Hindoo superstition, was most evidently not under the influence of any intoxicating drugs, and far from being influenced by her relations to this act. “I have vowed a vow,” was her answer to others than them, “to die in this way by the side of my husband, and I will keep it; I can die but once—and once I must die, and this is the mode I have chosen. Spare your entreaties—that which my own sons and my daughters could not persuade me to do, do you suppose you can? Cease, cease your arguments, I have heard all and more than all you can urge—the tears of my sons, and the sobs of my daughters, and the voices of their little ones did not, and cannot dissuade me.”

I left her to witness the erection of the funeral pile. Four strong posts were fixed in the ground at the four corners, and to these were tied with strong ropes, at the upper parts, the cross pieces on which the upper platform was laid. It was an oblong square, and the lower part of the pile whereon the bodies were to be laid was about three feet high—the whole was probably eight feet long, and five or six wide, and the depth between the upper and lower parts, the open space, was such that a person could not stand erect, but had more than ample room to sit and move about. It was chiefly built of green mango, cut down on the spot. The mango tree contains much turpentine, and burns fiercely when green. All around, without and within, above and below, dry ored straw was profusely thrown, than which there are few articles more combustible.

At about five the crowd opened, and the old lady, for apparently she was threescore, arose, and walked slowly down to where the pile was erected. The ceremonies were still very tedious, and the distribution of rice, cocoa-nut, and blessings, still went on—a few pice were also given to some of the younger people. After water had been poured over the victim, the officiating Brahmin read hur-



riedly and carelessly the various requisite prayers, and they are numerous; the head was then repeatedly anointed with butter, and a tight-sleeved long yellow gown drawn on, and she was supported in her walk to the pile. The dead body had been laid there before. She stood in prayer for a short space. She was evidently much exhausted with the exertions she had continued to make for full four hours after leaving her house, besides those she had previously undergone—but was calm and collected, and to the last resisted the affectionate entreaties of her relations to live. She was aided to ascend the steps at the open end, for one end must be left open; only, a few coconut leaves were hung on while she was assisted in altering the position of her husband's body, which had not pleased her. Her son, his face all swollen with weeping, handed her a slip of lighted wood—she asked him to tie it easily between her toes, that it might not too soon fall—her lips continued to move; soon she waved her foot, and applied the other torch she held in her hand. The outside was instantly fired, and the blazing fury of the flame sent us all back. I heard shriek upon shriek rising shrill above the sound of the drum and the trumpet, and the crackling roaring of the pile. I rushed onward. The loose coconut leaves fell, and I saw the victim seated in the bright red flame, rolling her arms and body in agony; she fell back, and I saw her head, and chest, and arms quivering—all was then still; and the canopy of the pile fell blazing down and covered all, and the crowd quietly and gradually dispersed.

The time that elapsed from the lighting of the pile till the top fell in, I estimated afterwards at eight to ten minutes; but there were other gentlemen there who saw not as I saw, who said it could not be above four or five. They are probably right. My mind was too eagerly engrossed otherwise to leave any room for the measure of time.

#### FOOD OF THE ANCIENTS.

BEEF they considered the most substantial food; hence it constituted the chief nourishment of the athleteæ. Camels' and dromedaries' flesh was much esteemed, their heels more especially. Donkey flesh was in high repute; Mæcenas, according to Pliny, delighted in it; and the wild ass brought from Africa was compared to venison. In more modern times, we find Chancellor Dupret having asses fattened for his table. The hog and the wild boar appear to have been held in great estimation. Their mode of killing swine was as refined in barbarity as in epicurism. Plutarch tells us that the gravid sow was actually trampled to death to form a delicious mass fit for the gods. At other times pigs were slaughtered with red-hot spits, that the blood might not be lost; stuffing a pig with assafœtida and various small animals, was a luxury called "porcus Trojanus," alluding, no doubt, to the warriors who were concealed in the Trojan horse. Young bears, dogs, and foxes (the latter more esteemed when fed upon grapes), were also much admired by the Romans; who were also so fond of various birds, that some consular families assumed the names of those they most esteemed. Catus tells us how to drown fowls in Falernian wine, to render them more luscious and tender. Pheasants were brought over from Colchis, and deemed at one time such a rarity, that one of the Ptolemies bitterly lamented his having never tasted any. Peacocks were carefully reared in the island of Samos, and sold at such a high price, that Varro informs us they fetched nearly upwards of £2000 of our money. The guinea-fowl was considered delicious; but, wretched people, the Romans knew not the turkey, a gift which we moderns owe to the Jesuits. Who could vilify

the disciples of Loyola after this information? The ostrich was much relished; Heliogabalus delighted in their brain, and Apicius especially commends them. But, of all birds, the flamingo was not only esteemed as a *bonne-bouche*, but most valuable after dinner; for, when the gluttonous sensualists had eaten too much, they introduced one of its long scarlet feathers down their throats to disgorge their dinner! The modern gastronome is perhaps not aware that it is to the ancients he owes his delicious fattened duck and goose livers—the inestimable *foies gras* of France. Snails were also a great dainty. Fulvius Herpinus was immortalised for the discovery of the art of fattening them on bran and other articles; and Horace informs us they were served up broiled on silver gridirons, to give a relish to wine. Oysters were brought from our coasts to Rome, and frozen oysters were much extolled. Grasshoppers, locusts, and various insects, were equally acceptable to our first gastronomic legislators: Acorns, similar to those now eaten in Spain, formed part of a Roman dessert; the best were brought from Naples and Tarentum. It does not appear that the ancients had a great variety in their vegetable diet; condiments to stimulate the sluggish appetite seemed to be their principal research.—*Millingen's Curiosities of Medical Experience.*

#### ORIGIN OF THE COTTAR'S SATURDAY NIGHT.

BUT how have we been able to refrain from saying a few words about the Cottar's Saturday night? How affecting Gilbert's account of its origin!—"Robert had frequently remarked to me, that he thought there was something peculiarly venerable in the phrase, "Let us worship God," used by a decent sober head of a family, introducing family worship. To this sentiment of the author, the world is indebted for the Cottar's Saturday Night. The hint of the plan and title of the poem were taken from Fergusson's *Farmer's Ingle*. When Robert had not some pleasure in view in which I was not thought fit to participate, we used frequently to walk together, when the weather was favourable, on the Sunday afternoons (those precious breathing times to the labouring community), and enjoyed such Sundays as would make me regret to see their number abridged. It was on one of those walks that I first had the pleasure of hearing the author repeat the Cottar's Saturday Night. I do not recollect to have heard any thing by which I was more highly electrified." No wonder Gilbert was highly electrified; for though he had read or heard many things of his brother Robert's, of equal poetical power, not one among them all was so charged with those sacred influences that connect the human heart with heaven. It must have sounded like a very revelation of all the holiness for ever abiding in that familiar observance, but which custom, without impairing its efficacy, must often partially hide from the children of labour, when it is all the time helping to sustain them upon and above this earth. And this from the erring to the steadfast brother! From the troubled to the quiet spirit! out of a heart, too, often steeped in the waters of bitterness, issuing, as from an unpolluted fountain, the inspiration of pious song! But its effect on innumerable hearts is now electrical—it inspires peace. It is felt yet, and sadly changed will then be Scotland, if ever it be not felt, by every one who peruses it, to be a communication from brother to brother. It is felt by us, all through from beginning to end, to be Burns' Cottar's Saturday Night; at each succeeding sweet or solemn stanza we more and more love the man—at its close we bless him as a benefactor; and if, as the picture fades, thoughts of sin and sorrow will arise, and will not be put down, let them, as

we hope for mercy, be of our own—not his; let us tremble for ourselves as we hear a voice saying, "Fear God, and keep his commandments."—*Professor Wilson's Essay on Burns.*

### COLD IN PARIS.

[FROM "PATCHWORK," BY CAPTAIN BASIL HALL.]

BUT if summer in Paris is bad for man and beast, winter is even less bearable; at least the cold, which set in one winter while I was there, was such as I never remember to have seen in England, Scotland, or anywhere else. It was not a good, honest, bracing, moderate degree of cold, which you could temper out of doors by smart exercise, or subdue within by means of blazing fires. It seemed to defy every such device; being hard and dry, and so biting, merciless, and snarly, that there was no possibility of escaping its searching intensity. It subdued all mankind alike—natives and strangers, and at times entirely cleared the streets of people; leaving the capital like one of those mysteriously deserted cities in Hindoostan described by travellers in the East, which with all their palaces and temples complete, have been left for ages without a single inhabitant in them! I walked once, the day after Christmas, from end to end of Paris, and literally met only a stray gendarme or two. \* \* \* How the wretched coachmen manage to live at all in such weather as I have seen in Paris, is to me inconceivable; for even to the inside passengers the cold becomes at times so severe, that with all the contrivances they can think of—warm furs, hot-water bottles, great coats, boat cloaks, and shawls, they can scarcely go from one house to another, without being frozen to death; a fate which actually befel two poor sentries, and an unfortunate donkey, one bitter night of the winter alluded to. The soldiers were found at the hour of their relief, as it is called, with their muskets shouldered, standing as stiff and erect at their post at the palace gate, as when their corporal had planted them. The honest donkey was found standing across the path in the Boulevards at daybreak, with his tail straight on end, as rigid as a bar! In his death the poor old fellow retained his wonted look of patience and contentment so completely, that the people, thinking him still alive, drubbed him soundly as they passed, for being in the way. To return to the no less passive coachman. One can understand how an English jarvey manages by reiterated pots of porter, and perhaps a glass or two of gin, to keep the cold out of the stomach; but how the French drivers contrive, without malt liquor or strong waters, to sit on their boxes at night for two, three, four, or five hours on a stretch, apparently as insensible to the biting frost as if they were made of granite and not of flesh and blood, is utterly inconceivable. Still less is it comprehensible how their horses can stand for so many hours together, with iron shoes, on the cold ice and stones of those sadly mismanaged streets.

### AMERICAN VARIETIES.—No. I.

At the theatre in Havana, when a favourite actor or actress takes a benefit, she seats herself on the evening of her benefit near the entrance of the theatre, and his or her admirers give as much as they choose for admission—never, however, less than the regular price. We should like to buy out Fanny Elssler's chance for her first night.

The smallest bird of America is the humming-bird, and that of Europe the golden-crested wren. The smallest quadruped in the world is the pigmy mouse of Siberia. The most diminutive plant is the arctic raspberry, which

is so small that a six ounce phial will hold the whole—branches, leaves, and fruit.

There are thirty-two persons in Indiana, upwards of 100 years old. We think of moving there soon.

"I'm losing flesh," as the butcher said when he saw a thief robbing his cart.

The male of that well-known feathered biped, the hen, is said to be generally very lean about these times—cause—they have been called upon so often to crow, that they are wore away to skeletons by the violent and prolonged exercise.

You are "sharp set," as Joe said to the man at dinner, who, for the want of a chair, was seated on the edge of a shingle.

If we were to attempt to keep pace with the murders and suicides recorded throughout the country, we should have to print an extra for our editorials and the advertisements. The eastern country alone can furnish of this class murders enough to fill the largest sheet.

Mr. Saunders, an eminent builder of New Orleans, has mysteriously disappeared—nothing uncommon in these days.

"Live and let live," as the criminal said to the hangman.

CONSCIOUS BEAUTY.—As the sun in all his splendour was peeping over the eastern hills, a newly married man exclaimed, "The glory of the world is rising." His wife, who happened to be getting up, taking the compliment to herself, simpered out, "What would you say, my dear, if I had my silk gown on!"

A western editor advertises for two journeymen and two devils, who can afford to work for nothing and treat him into the bargain.

"You are determined to get me in a broil," as the chicken said to the gridiron.

OUR TURN NEXT.—During the last two or three centuries, thirteen fixed stars have disappeared.

### A HIGHLAND OUTLAW.—DEFIANCE TO THE CIVIL POWERS.

ABOUT the centre of Loch Quoich, under the shadow of two high mountain terraces, streaked with snow, is a small island, scarcely more than half an acre in extent, on which are seen a few birch trees. It is about a quarter of a mile from the nearest mountain, and is as solitary as the heart of hermit or recluse could desire. On this spot resides a Highlander, now old and stern, who bids defiance to all the civil powers, and lives a free denizen of nature. Some forty years ago, Ewan M'Phee, a fine, sprightly, athletic Highland lad, enlisted in a regiment of which his proprietor was an officer. He was promised, or was led to believe, that he would soon be preferred in the army. He went through his exercises with correctness and regularity, but preferment came not, and deliberately one day marched out of the ranks, and betook himself to the hills. His retreat was discovered, and two files of soldiers were sent to apprehend him. With the concurrence of the late Glengarry, Ewan was seized, handcuffed, and carried off a prisoner. As the party proceeded through Stratherrick, the dauntless Highlander watched a favourable opportunity, made a tremendous leap over a precipice, and bounded off from his escort. The party discharged their muskets after him, but without effect, and breaking off his handcuffs, by dashing against a rock, Ewan was again a free man among the wilds. He established himself on Lochiel's property in Corrybuie, an out-of-the-

world retreat, where he lived unmolested for many years, hunting, fishing, and rearing goats, without any man daring to make him afraid or presuming to speak of rent. As a companion was wanting to soften or enliven his solitude, Ewan wooed, won, and *ran off* with a damsel of *fourteen*, now his wife, and the mother of five children. At length, however, the law prevailed for a time, and the adventurer was ejected from Corrybuie. He submitted quietly, and took refuge in this little island in Loch Quoich, where he deems himself safe and impregnable. With turf and birch trees he raised a hut, and found or made a boat to enable him to communicate with the mainland. He has about fifty goats, which he quarters on the neighbouring hills, and his gun and rod, we suppose, supply him with fish and game. In winter the situation of this lonely family must be awful. Ewan's strong, muscular, and handsome frame is still clad in the Highland costume, and he never ventures abroad without his dirk by his side. Some of the tenants fear him from his daring character, and others reverence him for his supposed witchcraft or supernatural power, which is firmly believed in the glen. In this way, a boll of meal now and then, and perhaps a sum of money, finds its way to the lonely island, and the home of the outcast is made glad in winter. He believes himself that he is possessed of a charmed life, but a loaded gun is constantly at his bedside during the night, and his dirk is ready by day, to supply mortal means of defence. When Mr. Edward Ellice visited Glen Quoich, after purchasing the property, Ewan called upon him, like a dutiful vassal in the old feudal time, doing homage to his liege lord, and presented some goats' milk as a peace-offering. His terms were simple but decisive. He told Mr. Ellice, not that he would pay rent for his island, but that he would not molest the new laird, if the new laird did not disturb him in his possession! The grizzled aspect, intrepid bearing, and free speech of the bold outlaw struck the Englishman with surprise, and Ewan instantly became a sort of favourite. It is probable he will not again be disturbed; for the island is not worth a shilling to any person but Ewan M'Phee, and it would be cruel to dispossess even this daring and desperate man, now upwards of sixty years of age. The situation of his family, growing up in wild neglect and barbarism, is the most painful circumstance in Ewan's singular story. His wife is still comparatively a young and agreeable-looking person, and as she had some education, it is probable she may teach her children a knowledge of their letters, and some outline of Christian duty and belief. Of this, however, the people of the glen are wholly ignorant. The few who have had intercourse with Ewan represent him as strongly attached to his family, and of this we had indirectly a sort of proof on the day we were in the glen. One of Ewan's children had died—died in his solitary Patmos, which was destitute of neighbourly aid or consolation. Overwhelmed with grief, the old man took his boat and crossed to a shepherd's hut, begging the shepherd to assist him in making a coffin for the dead child, as he could not steady his hand under the blow of this calamity. "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin," says Shakspeare. The assistance was freely given; some birch staves were formed into a coffin, and the child will, in a day or two, be interred in a spot exactly suited to Ewan's tastes and character; for the ancient churchyard used by the simple people of Glen Quoich is also an island, small in extent, which rises out of the waters of the Quoich, near its junction with the lake. This incident is in keeping with the whole history of this wild, unconquered Highlander—one of the last types of a fierce and hardy race, in whose nature strong passions were mingled, both for good and for evil.—*Inverness Courier*.

### A FAMOUS FRENCH PICKPOCKET.

I WILL mention one of those who has always escaped from the accusations brought against him. He is known by the name of Mimi Lepreux, and is the most adroit pickpocket in Paris. Many of the police agents know him well, and are incessantly watching him; and yet they have never been able to establish legally a single one of the numerous robberies of which he is guilty. I remember a report made to me, in which so many curious things were said of this man, that I was led to question an officer familiar with the doings of Mimi Lepreux. The officer informed me, that this robber had at least 15,000 francs a year, payable out of property purchased with the produce of his larcenies; that he was very liberal to the poor, and still more so to the petty thieves who served him; that he had always a dozen of these, on great occasions, employed to keep a look out for him, to penetrate into the crowd, to ascertain how such or such a person placed his purse, his gold snuff box, his pocket-book, &c.; that these auxiliaries execute nothing themselves, confining themselves to acquainting Mimi with what they have observed, who takes upon himself to turn their discoveries to profit. For example, one of these robber-apprentices will come to Mimi, and whisper in his ear, in slang phrase, "That old gentleman, fifteen paces to the right, with white hair and a cane in his hand, has put a heavy purse into his left breeches pocket." "Very well," replies Mimi, "there's ten sous for you. Cut!" A quarter of an hour afterwards, the purse is in Mimi's possession, but not to remain there two seconds. There are always accomplices near, ready to receive the stolen article, which passes from hand to hand, and disappears in a twinkling. If, therefore, the almost imperceptible movement of the thief should happen to be remarked at the instant of the robbery, and even if the party robbed should seize the culprit's arm, there is no means of establishing the crime. In such case, Mimi, with perfect calmness and self-possession, expresses his surprise that any one should dare to suppose him capable of such conduct. He appeals to the bystanders, shows his purse well filled with gold pieces, and his pocket-book stuffed with bank-notes, which contains, by chance, too, the receipt for his last taxes; and asks if a father of a family, in affluent circumstances like his, may not despise an accusation of this sort. "I am willing to suppose," he says, "that the gentleman may have spoken without thought, and bear him no grudge for a mistake, which, happily, can do no harm to me." It is not an uncommon thing to see the victim stammer out apologies to the robber, and depart through a crowd of persons murmuring their indignation against him. \* \* \* On the day in which M. Rodde presented himself on the Place de la Bourse, to exercise the profession of public crier, Mimi Lepreux was met by the same peace-officer in the midst of an extraordinary concourse of republicans and curious spectators. "What are you doing here?" said the agent of authority, in a severe tone. "I am doing like the others, looking on, and walking about." "You are well aware that I know you; you are here for the purpose of doing some mischief." "As I tell you, I am doing nothing at all; why do you bother me? Is not the pavement free for every body?" "Don't stand arguing there; move on, or I will have you taken up. You are here for the purpose of robbing. We have plague enough on our hands, without your coming hither, with your band, to pilfer." "Bah!" said Mimi Lepreux, impatiently, and losing his temper, "leave me alone! Your republicans are nothing better than canaille! I have picked more than five hundred of their pockets, and never found a sou in any one of them."—*Memoir of M. Gisquet, formerly Prefect of Police*.

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

## THE LAND OF BEAUTY.

INSCRIBED IN AN ALBUM, MARCH, 1837.

A LONE and melancholy spirit,  
To this melodious store  
Of treasured memories, would add  
One faint memorial more.

'Midst offerings of the beautiful,  
Where beauty's eyes may beam,  
A stranger would insert his own,  
Though that were but a dream.

Not his the moralising strain,  
Nor his the serious lay,  
Which warns the young how soon the charm  
Of youth must pass away.

We never saw a rosebud die,  
Nor heard a yellow leaf  
Fall rustling from the autumn groves,  
Without a shade of grief.

And ill, I ween, his heart could bear  
To anticipate the time,  
When youth and beauty, withering,  
Must mourn their fleeting prime.

And therefore doth his pensive soul  
A joyful solace seek,  
In visions of that happy land,  
Where youth is on each cheek.

For there no flower is filemot,  
And there no leaf is sere,  
And there no autumns blight the bloom  
Of an eternal year.

He sees the smiles of spirits pure,  
Like sunny waters play,  
On faces whose transcendent charms  
Can never know decay.

He sees with joy seraphic eyes  
In liquid lustre shine,  
And gladly knows no burning tear  
Can dim their light benign.

He hears the hallowed harmony  
Of rapturous songs arise,  
From lips whose every breath is tuned  
To anthems of the skies.

He longs to mingle with the blest,  
In that celestial land,  
To hold communion chaste and high,  
With beauty's holiest band.

And he would lure the lovely here,  
The young, the good, the fair,  
To veil their evanescent charms,  
And seek their glory there.

For in that land where beauty blooms,  
Alone may beauty be,  
From withering cares, and blighting time,  
And sin and sorrow free.

## VARIETIES.

Speak of your friends kindly, and to them sincerely. Be sincere towards yourself, and you will be candid in your judgment of others.

**LONG COURTSHIPS.**—In a late action for breach of promise of marriage in Ireland, Baron Pennefather, in summing up, observed to the jury, that he hardly ever knew long courtsships to turn out well, and that whatever the lady might do to remain constant, the gentleman seldom did.

The Jews bury their dead before the sun has gone down twice after the death, excepting among the most wealthy; and in those cases these few hours of interval sometimes are not sufficient to enable them to prepare the extensive funeral and mourning clothes which the family and relations require.

**TRAVELLING IN OTHER DAYS.**—In 1703, when Prince George of Denmark went from Windsor to Petworth, to meet Charles III. of Spain, it appears that the journey, which is a distance of about forty miles, occupied fourteen hours—although those who travelled it did not get out, save when they were overturned or stuck fast in the mire, until they reached their destination. "We were thrown but once, indeed, in going," says the relator, "but his highness's body coach would have suffered very much if the nimble boors of Sussex had not frequently poised it, or supported it with their shoulders, from Godalming almost to Petworth. The last nine miles of the way cost us six hours to conquer them."—*Annals of Queen Anne.*

**HEBREW WOMEN.**—Wherever the women of the Hebrews are to be found (and where are they not!) they still exhibit the type of that intellectual beauty which subdued Egypt and reformed the penal statutes of Persia; and their fine heads are cited by science as models of the highest moral conformation. Bright thoughts flash from their bright eyes, quick perceptions animate their noble lineaments; and if the force of circumstances is no longer directed to elicit the high qualities of an Esther or a Judith, the original of the picture, drawn by the prophet king, of the virtuous woman, "whose price is above rubies," may be found among the Jewish women of modern as of ancient times; for "they eat not the bread of idleness," and "the hearts of their husbands trust in them."—*Lady Morgan's "Woman and her Master."*

The reporter of the *Stockport Chronicle*, who is probably in a state of "single blessedness," gravely speaks of a married man, whose wife had "blessed him with fourteen children!" Young stenography will probably write less coolly on the subject when he is himself surrounded with seven brace of clamorous "blessings!"

A traveller stopped at an inn to breakfast, and having drunk a cup of what was given him, the servant asked, "What will you have, tea or coffee?" The traveller answered—"That depends upon circumstances. If what you gave me was tea, I want coffee. If it was coffee, I want tea. I want a change."

Several ladies' dresses have recently taken fire on railway trains, but it does not act as any prevention to their adopting that mode of conveyance. On the contrary, they seem to rejoice at the idea of "catching a spark."

Some flowers absorb the rays of the sun so strongly, that in the evening they yield slight phosphoric flashes. May we not compare the minds of poets to these flowers, which, imbibing light, emit it again in a different form and aspect?—*Lady Blessington.*

**BEARDS.**—About the reign of Mary beards were worn of a great length; those of Gardiner and Pole, in their portraits, are of unusual dimensions; they were sometimes used as toothpick cases; the celebrated Admiral Coligny always wore his in his beard.—*Ince's Outlines of English History.*

**THE GREATEST MAN.**—The greatest man is he who chooses the right with invincible resolution, who resists the sorest temptation from within and from without; who bears the heaviest burdens cheerfully; who is calmest in storms, and most fearless under menaces and frowns; whose reliance on truth, on virtue, on God, is most unfaltering.—*Channing.*

## LONDON:

W. BRITTAIN, PATERNOSTER ROW.  
Edinburgh: JOHN MENZIES. Dublin: CURRY & CO.  
Glasgow: D. BRYCE.

Printed by J. Rider, 14, Bartholomew Close, London.